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carriage to railroad station. 25
A barber shop connected with the house.

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JAMES A. THAYER, Proprietor.

Good horses and carriages to let at all hours.

Orders left at Colburn House will be promptly
attended to.

Factory Point, Vt., June 24, 1875. \$112

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DWELLING HOUSE ON MAIN STREET.

near the Equinox House. Fine location, one and
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Manchester, Vt., July 23, 1875. 104

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Peru, Vt., May 26th, 1875. 523

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AND

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for sale at

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AT NY

MANCHESTER DEPOT, VERMONT.

I also keep a team on the road and will supply
drivers with the best goods at lowest living rates.
I also keep a stock of fruit in the season.

HENRY GREENE,

Manchester Depot, Vt., Aug. 14th, 1874. 13-35

WM. WILLIAMS, SONS,

still continue the manufacture of all kinds of

HARNESS WORK

at the old stand and will endeavor to make it for
the interest of all who need goods in our line to call.

WE MAKE MOST OF OUR OWN LEATHER

in the old fashioned way. We also use some of
the best Oak Stock.

An assortment of Whips, Blankets &c.
Constantly on Hand.

Persons sending orders to sell or ten will be
sent care in shipping.

On Out skins are not worth tanning.
Dorset, Nov. 8th, 1875. 25-317

NOW IS THE TIME

to get those

Old Clothes Colored

And Cleaned up for Summer Wear.

It will make them look as new and save
buying. We shall send a box nearly every week
during the spring. All colors warranted fast
and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Dresses
should be ripped before drying, but coats pants
and other goods can be dyed without.

D. E. SIMONDS,
Journal Office,
Manchester, Vt., April 10th, 1875.

THE FIRM OF THOMPSON & CO.

Farmer Thompson laid down the Week-
ly Forum with a grunt.

Well, what's the matter now? queried
his good spouse, Minerva, who sat mend-
ing a double compound fracture in the
right leg of a pair of unmentionables.

Oh, nothing! was the response uttered
in a tone of concentrated sarcasm, which
rightly interpreted, meant that in the
opinion of John Thompson all the world
and the rest of mankind were on the way
to destruction.

Now Minerva justified her name, for
she was a wise woman and held her peace
well knowing that she would not long be
kept in ignorance as to the cause of her
liege lord's disturbance.

While John is silently chewing the cud
of his bitter fancies, and Minerva is bea-
ting the rent in Joe's pants, let us make their
acquaintance.

At last Joe's nether garments in order
for another day's campaign, and Minerva
takes up the paper. With the instinct of
a true housewife she turns first to the
page devoted to family interests. After
a few moments' silent perusal she sudden-
ly exclaims, Good! I wish every man
could see this, at the same time reading
aloud the following sentences:

Even the most perfect family life can
never entirely swallow up individuality.
It hardly fails to ascribe altogether to
natural depravity that strong desire,
common to all human beings, for some-
thing they could call exclusively their
own. The wife or daughter, be she ever
so affectionate, will be happier and better
in many ways if she is allowed to feel her-
self a partner in the family fortunes, in-
stead of a mere pensioner upon the hus-
band's or father's bounty, even though he
may deal out the money with a lavish
hand. And when the wife and children
do their part toward making that money,
as is generally the case among farmers, it
would seem but simple justice that each
should have a steady yearly share of the
income.

Well, it strikes me that we men are
about played out and the sooner we
take ourselves out of the world the better,
remarked John dolefully.

Oh no! we can't possibly spare you yet,
laughingly replied the wife, at the same
time going on with her reading.

After a season of profound meditation
John breaks the silence by saying, I can't
see why you should be so stirred up on
this subject, for I'm sure I've always given
you all the money you asked for.

And so, indeed, you have, and it's be-
cause you've always been so good and
reasonable in that respect that I've never
said before what I've often thought, that
I would rather have a certain share—as
the eggs and butter money, for instance—
which I can call my own from year to
year, than a much larger sum that I must
ask for every time I want a few dollars.

I don't think you men ever realize how
women have to ask for money, even when
they know it will be cheerfully given.
And then all men are not as kind as you
are. There's sister Mary's husband, who
can never give a cent without a scowl,
though she's worked as hard as he to
make and save. I know she had rather
face a loaded cannon any time than ask
him for money, rich as he is. I declare
it makes my blood boil sometimes when I
think of it; I'm almost ready to take the
stump for woman's rights.

Go ahead, go ahead, said John, laugh-
ing, I'm sure you can speak with the
best of them. We'll have parson Brown
give out an appointment for you next
Sunday—subject: Woman's right in but-
ter and eggs.

Then there's another thing I've been
wanting to speak to you about for some
time, continued Minerva, who was thor-
oughly in earnest, and meant to have her
say out. Walter told me awhile ago that
he wished father would let him work out
this summer, and have his own earnings.
I don't think the boy really wants to
leave home, but only to feel that he has
something he can call his own.

You know that you often say that he's worth
more to you than any man on the farm,
he's so steady and faithful. Now why
not pay him the same wages you do the
other men? And there's Joe, who always
says he won't be a farmer because farmers
have to work so hard and have such a
dull time. I think if we could get him
interested in something about the place
he'd feel differently. He and Mary might
share the poultry egg money be-
tween them. We could require them to
keep a strict account of expenses and
sales, and so they would be learning
business habits and the true value of
money. Of course they would make
some mistakes at first, and perhaps spend
a few dollars foolishly, but when they
find that as old dress or coat must be
worn a little longer because of their folly
they'll soon learn wisdom. I really be-
lieve Joe would become a real enthusiast
in the business with a little encourage-
ment, for he already knows every breed
of fowls for five miles around, and such
an enthusiasm would be worth a great
deal in keeping him out of mischief.

Well, I don't know but you're right
about that; I'm sure I'll go for any plan
that'll keep him from raising Ned gener-
ally, as he does most of the time, said the
father.

I've often thought, resumed the won-
derful woman, that this way of never let-
ting children have any money except
what they get by hook or crook, is al-
most sure to result in making them
spendthrifts or misers. There's Jim
Silver, whose father would never let him
have a cent except what he could earn by
working occasionally a day for a neigh-
bor. He has his board and clothes, and
that's all I ever had at his age, and when
I'm gone he'll have it all, said the old
man; now see how that fine property is
being squandered. Then there are the
Dexters. How the old Squire used to
rake and scrape year after year, keeping
the boys and girls hard at work, with
never a book or newspaper in the house

and now his children are quarrelling like
cats and dogs over the six thousand
dollars he left them. Somehow I never
can bear the thought that our children
may begin to calculate how much they'll
have when we're gone, and you may be
sure they will, unless we make them feel
that they have a present as well as pros-
pective interest in the property.

Really, wife, you are making a very
strong case; I don't see but what I'll have
to turn the concern into a partnership
affair.

Well, I've only one more point and I'm
through. Anna and I might have the
butter money; perhaps it will not always
be as much as we get now in the course
of the year, but whatever it is, we'll pro-
mise to be satisfied, and I know we can
plan to much better advantage, and
make the money go a great deal farther,
if we know exactly what we have to de-
pend upon.

Just at this moment the clock, striking
ten, put an end to the weighty conference.
I really believe I'd have some chance in
the world, if it wasn't for all these new
fangled notions, was John's last remark
that night.

Yes, drowsily replied Minerva, who
was so far on her way to dreamland as to
be nearly oblivious of all earthly interests.

The new plan was discussed in con-
clave at the breakfast table next morning
and having received the unqualified ap-
proval of all, was adopted as a rule for
the coming year.

Hurrah for the firm of Thompson & Co!
shouted Joe, as he proceeded to dance a
breakdown on the kitchen floor.

Rah Tomtom too! piped up baby George,
who always made it a point to imi-
tate brother Joe to the best of his limited
ability.

Young man, it seems to me that you've
been left out in the cold, said the father
as he tossed the little three-year-old up to
the ceiling.

Is not twold a bit, let berry
warm, respondent the young gentleman,
and with a hearty laugh, the members of
the new firm dispersed.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

I found the great inventor in his library
over an office where the accounts are kept.
As he has a hundred men in his employ,
strict system is necessary. Edison is a
tall, thick set, pale man, with shaven
eyes, and the general air of a man accus-
tomed to pass night after night in ex-
periments, as he sometimes does. His assist-
ant, Mr. Batheeler, showed me over the
premises, Edison having already explained
everything to some thirty different
visitors and having no voice left. First,
I was taken into a furnace room in which
the new celebrated carbonized horsehoes
are made. Little bits of the best Bristol
board are heated for 20 minutes in an
iron matrix, coming out as carbonized
black threads, something in the shape of
horsehoes, about an inch across. Edison
experimented with 2000 kinds of cards
before getting the best. It is found that
this carbonized card stands the heat of the
electric current better than platinum.

The next step in the manufacture of the
lamp is to fasten two platinum wires to
the horsehoes, one to each end. The
wires are an inch or so long, and 14-1000
of an inch in diameter. Then the horse-
shoe, with the two bits of wire hanging
from it, is inserted in a glass bulb about
the size of an egg, and open at the top.

The bottom of this bulb is heated over a
spirit lamp, and when at melting point,
the wires are permitted to penetrate the
glass, the horsehoes remaining inside and
with the wire projecting through the bot-
tom of the glass and firmly welded into
it.

The glass blower, who is a man
brought over from Germany on purpose,
then draws the open top of the bulb to-
gether in the shape of a tube, and the
lamp is taken to a Geissler vacuum pump,
where by an improvement of Edison's the
air is exhausted until only one millionth
remains. As soon as the right vacuum is
obtained the lamp is sealed up, finished.

If now the electric current is passed
into the lamp by means of the platinum
wires, the carbon horsehoes instantly be-
come incandescent, giving forth a clear,
soft, steady light, without the slightest
flicker. Edison uses for generating the
current a modification of the Gramme
magneto-electric machine. From one of
these machines, which occupies a floor
space of about two square feet, he can get
current enough to light 50 lamps of the
intensity of one cent an hour per horse-
power. It will be seen that the
light will cost about one-eighth of a cent
an hour, or for an evening of four hours
each lamp will cost half a cent. Edison
is confident that no matter how low the
gas companies put their gas he can sell a
better light, cheaper. When I was in the
buildings there were thirty of these lamps
burning, all giving a pure, pleasant light.
Many of them had been burning night
and day for 21 days. No one is more
surprised at their success than Edison
himself. As yet, however, the test has
been too short to assert that a complete
success has been made. If the lamps
burn six months, then it will be time to
sell gas stock. The same current which
is used for the lamps can also be utilized
for running a sewing machine or pumping
water. I saw a sewing machine go beau-
tifully by just switching off the current
used to light one burner into a little elec-
tric motor. It is objected that the carbon
horsehoes will not last more than a
month or two. Only time can decide
these points. Edison himself is the first
to say that six months' time is necessary.
The lamps will cost about twenty-five
cents to make, and the whole cost of
making the change from gas to electricity
will not be more than ten dollars for an
ordinary dwelling house.

The Quebec legislative council is to be
illuminated by the electric light.

COULDN'T CUT IT SHORT.

A day or two ago, a woman entered
the telegraph office and said to the receiv-
er of messages that she wished to tele-
graph her husband in Chicago, for
money. He pointed her to the counter
supplied with blanks and told her the
rate for ten words. She struggled away
for a quarter of an hour and then handed
in the following:

Won't you please send me ten dollars
by next mail?

I don't know whether that will do or
not, she said as she felt for her money.
If you were to receive such a dispatch
from your wife would you forward the
money?

Well—well, I might, he replied in
doubtful tones.

Now you wait! I don't like the dis-
patch at all, because I tried to keep it
within ten words. I'll write another.

She tore it up, walked over to the
counter, and in three minutes handed
in a new one, reading:

Am out of food and fuel, and want \$10
as soon as you can get it here! If you
can't spare it I'll spout the parlor carpet.